

You who let Lot and his family escape from the wicked city of Sodom, wont you please save wage.

Oh, Lord, who knowest the sparrow's fall, wont You help us to resist when the modern devil who has charge of our work takes advantage of our poverty to lead us astray. Sometimes, oh Lord, it is hard. Hunger and cold are terrible things, and they make us weak. We want to do right. Help us to be strong.

Oh, God, we have appealed to the ministers, we have appealed to the public and we have appealed to the press. But if all these fail us in our need we know that You will not fail us.

Grant that we may win this strike, and that the union may be strong, so that we may not need to cry so often Lord, "deliver us from temptation."

We ask this, Lord, for the sake of the little children, helpless and suffering; for the girls who may sometimes be mothers of children and for those girls who dislike sin, but are forced into it through poverty.

Oh, Christ, who didst die on the cross, we will try to ask You to forgive those who would crush us, for perhaps they do not know what they do.

All this we ask in the name of the lowly carpenter's son. Amen.

FIGHT TO THE DEATH EXPECTED AS RAIDERS CLOSE IN ON THE ALLENS

Hillsville, Va., March 18.—The "raiders" are closing in on the Allens.

The "raiders" is the local name for the officers of the law when they take to the mountains in pursuit of moonshiners.

It is believed here to be certain that the Allen's are in Devil's Den, a natural fort, perched high on a mountain peak at the Western end of Fancy Gap.

Detective Tom Felts is at Mount Airy, North Carolina, organizing a posse of thirty men—all natives who know the mountain country and have served in previous government moonshine raids.

As soon as he gets the posse organized, he will work toward Devil's Den from the North, cut-

ting off all chances of the Allens escaping into the North Carolina mountains.

Detective Lee Felts, with forty men, is advancing on Devil's Den from Hillsville. His men are spread out to prevent the Allens descending on this village.

Other posses, composed of mountaineers who long have held grudges against the Allens, are scattered through the country, forming an endless chain of sentinels.

Their duty is to spread the news the moment an Allen shows his face.

Mountaineers who arrived in town this afternoon brought a rumor that Sidna Edwards, a nephew of Sidna Allen, had been captured by detectives. There is